

Find a Way

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Summary: You and Jerome are best friends, it's a shame that you're going away for a while, but that's only a temporary setback.

Find a Way

"This isn't fair," he said, his voice sounding unnaturally loud as it hit the cold air, the effect akin to a gong striking suddenly in an otherwise silent room.

"I know, I'm so sorry, I wish it didn't have to be this way," you responded through a snuffle, and your gaze fixed downward toward the grass you both sat upon instead of into his eyes, his fingers steadily ripping the blades around you two to shreds, as if the innocent stalks were to blame for the predicament you were currently trapped in. He was taking out his frustration by destroying them in the same way his and your lives were being decimated by an unfortunate circumstance. You were going away with your mother because she had received an offer she simply couldn't turn down at her job, and that meant traveling far away from your hometown. You didn't want to go, with every fiber of your being you didn't want to go, but you were only seventeen, you didn't have much of a choice in the matter.

"I-" your mouth snapped shut to trap the lurking sobs inside your throat, unwilling to break down crying in front of your best friend, because you didn't want that to be your last memory with him, this was supposed to be a happy day, you had both agreed to that, but now that the sun was setting rapidly, all of the sorrow that you had been pretending didn't exist was returning with a vengeance.

Breathing deeply in an attempt to calm yourself down, you buried your head into his shoulder, the soft fabric of his sweater absorbing the few tears that managed to leak past your shut eyelids, and even though you did your best to focus on the good moments you had shared

with Jerome, or even the way he smelled, your mind kept coming back to the fact that you would be apart from him, for far too long.

He had been in denial when you first told him a few weeks ago, the word 'moving' a foreign one when it came to you, which was ironic because he was always traveling from place to place, but you two always managed to make it work, but this time it wasn't going to be so simple. His childlike mentality was twisted into thinking that you would stay with him forever, because that was just the way it was supposed to be. He was probably just confused, and in a few days, he thought you would apologize for scaring him and swear to never leave his side again.

But that hadn't happen, of course it hadn't, and now you found yourself trying your hardest not to cry as you clung to your best friend of many years like that would keep you there, even though now you knew it wouldn't, and it was only a matter of time before your mother came around to inform you that it was time to go.

"Don't cry, doll, we'll see each other again soon right?" he said, one of his hands tilting your head up so he could view your puffy face, exposing you to the chilly air, forcing you out of your hiding place, ruining the illusion that you had wrapped around yourself, and you could no longer pretend that none of this was happening, it was now impossible to convince yourself that this was all some crazy, fucked up dream that you would wake up from in the next couple of moments.

"I-I'm not crying," you mumbled, turning away so he wouldn't catch sight of your quivering bottom lip and watery eyes.

"You are, doll, and it's not a good look for you," he teased before he added, "here let me," he turned your face towards him and flicked away the tears away from your eyes, letting you wipe the rest with his sleeve.

You sniffed before you smiled weakly at him, uttering a quiet, "Thanks," you sobbed some more before you said, "I just - ugh, this sucks, and I don't want to leave," you paused before you finished, "I don't want to leave you."

Your eyes locked on one another's, a lingering gaze that lasted far too long, and you knew he was holding back something he longed to say, you understood because you found yourself doing the exact same thing.

"It's okay, it's not your fault, I'll be fine," he shrugged his shoulders and shot you a warm smile, "I'll be with my family, at least, so things won't be so bad," he lied and then continued, "but stop crying, doll, don't look at me like this is the last time you're ever going to see me," he chuckled, trying to brush it off to pretend that it didn't hurt nearly as much as it did.

You whimpered, your body shuddering slightly as you imagined being so far away from him, and it hurt, it hurt so much that you were halfway convinced that you wouldn't make it through this, because nothing had ever felt like this before. You weren't certain if you could ever recover from this wound, or if you even wanted to, because that would mean moving on from Jerome, that would mean replacing him, maybe forgetting him entirely, and that was something that you weren't

capable of, no matter how much time had passed.

"I'm going to miss you, J," you said after you emitted a slight hiccup.

"I'm going to miss you too," he agreed, and you caught on to the way his voice quavered slightly, and how he tucked his head into his knees, his posture screaming misery and defeat despite what he had said earlier.

You had never seen Jerome like this before, and you hated it, your best friend was always the strong one out of you two, the one you looked up to, the one who had all the answers, but in this instance, you were just as helpless as he was, and that realization was terrifying.

The entire world was full of fearful pitfalls now that he wasn't going to be around to help you through it; this move meant that you wouldn't be able to escape to his place when you needed to get away from your own, that you wouldn't be able to do any of the things that you had taken advantage of in the past, and now all you wanted was for time to rewind. You ached to turn back the clock as you could experience your friendship with Jerome all over again, making sure to notice each subtle nuisance of the person who meant so much to you before you no longer had the opportunity to do so.

"You won't forget about me, right?" you asked nervously, shifting yourself closer to his hunched figure so you could place a gentle hand on his arm, needing some sort of reassurance that your intense emotions weren't one-sided, even though it was obvious by his body language that they weren't, but still - you wanted to hear it.

"Never," he responded instantly, his head shooting up so you could see his sincere features. "And I know you won't ever forget about me, I don't even have to ask, because who could forget this face?" he pointed at his face with that big smug grin he always wore.

"Well I'll say it anyway, I won't either," you tried to smile, but the expression quickly fell from your face as the sun sank below the horizon, the orange glow that had been bathing you two ebbing into purple shadows, and you felt the overwhelming urge to sob welling up in your chest once again, because that meant that the day had come to end, and you were seconds away from losing him so with the darkness obscuring you - you gave in and cried harder, painful hiccups ripping their way out of your chest as you leaned heavily into his side.

"Hey, shhhh, it's okay, let it out, I've got you," he whispered gently, his arms coming up to wrap around your shuddering body, allowing you to bury your face in his chest, your tears staining the slight gray fabric of his sweatshirt as they continued to spill from your eyes with no sign of stopping.

"I-I'm sorry, you must think I'm such a baby," you choked out in between your cries, and even though a part of you was mortified at the fact that you were embarrassing yourself in front of your more composed best friend, the larger portion of you just wanted to be held, because there was something about being surrounded by his warm body that eased the painful ache in your heart a small

fraction.

"No, I don't think that at all," he said before he added, "on second thought, you kind of are, but I don't mind it, just shows how much you love me," he teased, and you couldn't help but giggle lightly at that, he always knew how to make you smile even when you were a sobbing mess.

"Y/N, five minutes!" a voice called out from the house down the hill, and you knew it was your mother, which meant that this was it, you were really leaving him, and nothing would ever be the same after today.

"Don't go," he mouthed, more to himself than you, his arms latching around your torso as you forced yourself to calm down enough to give him a proper goodbye.

"Jeromeâ€¦" you spoke up after a few minutes of nothing but the both of you held each other fiercely, your eyes slowly drying as you sought comfort in each other's embrace.

"Yeah?" he sighed heavily, knowing that you were about to comment on the fact that you had to head home now, but your next words took him by surprise.

"I-I just want to say that you are really special to me, and I know things aren't looking so bright right now, but I'll find you again, okay, I have to, andâ€¦" your sentence trailed off suddenly, causing him to shoot you a questioning look as you stared back at him, his eyes carrying an unfamiliar, heady emotion that you couldn't quite place, but whatever it was, it warmed your stomach slightly, making you feel safe, and wanted, giving you hope that everything might be okay after all.

"You better," he smiled, a halfhearted smile, but a smile nonetheless.

"I'll miss you, J," you proclaimed, and he knew that, of course he did, you and him had been best friends for as long as you could remember.

"I'll miss you too," he responded, but for some reason, it seemed different than the last time he did, it felt heavy this time around - earth shattering even, and you began to realize that you really did love Jerome, maybe more than a friend should love a friend, but it was too late to explore your newfound feelings now, it would only make everything worse when he was ripped out of your life, your story left unfinished and ragged until someone glued the book back together once again.

But then he leaned forward slightly, his movements slow and controlled, his eyes darting back and forth warily as he tried to gauge your reaction to his unexpected gesture. You stayed perfectly still, his breath catching in his throat as he pressed your foreheads together, your noses bumping awkwardly in the process, causing you to let out an almost silent giggle as you went cross eyed trying to keep his face in focus.

His warm breath caressed your face, erasing the cold nip in the air entirely. Your eyes fluttered shut when you knew what was coming, he

shifted slightly to the left, his mouth tilting downward but then it all disappeared when your mom yelled out, "Y/N! Get over here, now! Time's up!"

Immediately, you pulled away to whip your head back to look at where the voice came from, only to be greeted with a glare from your mother. You heaved a long sigh before you whispered, "Sorry, I-I have to go."

"Aye, be seeing you around, doll," he said before you left in a rush to reach your mother.

"Bye Jerome," you told him as you walked away, turning back to look at him, and you weren't sure if he heard you or not because it came out barely a whisper. He didn't look back at you though, his gaze averted downward.

That wasn't how you wanted to say goodbye, not at all. You were frustrated with yourself for having not made a move sooner, that it took your departure for you to realize you wanted nothing more than to kiss him. But you knew that wasn't going to be the last time you saw him, no of course it wouldn't be, you two would find a way to each other again.

Each day that passed when you were out of state with your mother, you found yourself thinking back about the ginger and the friendship you had with him. You couldn't think about much else, and your mother was quick to recognize this but she simply told you to forget about him because you were going to have a new life there. You kept in contact with him through the phone as much as you could, but it didn't feel the same, it wasn't enough for you. You had to be near him, breathe the same air as him, feel his touch, you missed it all so much that it made your heart ache.

As soon as your eighteenth birthday hit, you made it your mission to see him again, despite how upset your mother was about it. You didn't care, you just wanted to be with him, for things to be like they used to. You researched about where Haly's Circus was traveling next so you could go wherever he was. You specifically didn't ask him so that you could surprise him, he always liked surprises.

When you reached the circus grounds after a long train ride there, you smiled as you breathed in the fresh air and that familiar scent of popcorn mixed with sweet cotton candy. It was just like coming back home. You searched about for a while, until you spotted a mop of red hair blowing gently in the wind. Each strand a delicate thread that you longed to run your fingers through.

You smiled softly as you made your way to his seated spot on a haystack, "Jerome?" you questioned.

You nearly gasped when you saw him sitting next to a girl whose hand was on his, and you hadn't seen her at first because he was the one in front of her, his back facing you when you spotted him. You felt your heart drop upon the sight, your stomach in knots, and all of a sudden you wanted to run off, forget this whole thing and go back with your mom, but it was too late because he heard you and turned his head back to look at you.

"Y/N?" he asked, his hand instantly slipping away from the girl he

was with, much to her dismay. Your smile crept its way back on your face when you noticed that.

"I'm back!" you spread your arms out a little and he almost immediately pulled you into a tight embrace, his arms wrapped around you, all his warmth rushing to your body.

"Long time no see, doll! I'm so glad you're back! Why didn't you tell me you were coming back?" he asked, grinning wide, and you were so grateful to see him beaming, but even more grateful when it was because of you. You thought you lost him once, and now that he was in your arms, you wouldn't let him go. You turned to look at the girl he was with, who didn't even bother looking in your direction, eyeing her nails and anywhere else but you two.

"I wanted it to be a surprise," you exclaimed, and you took in his scent, almost instantly getting lost in it. You were both grinning at each other like fools. "Did you miss me?" you asked with a soft giggle.

"Course I did, doll," he chuckled, "you look amazing!" he told you as he pulled away from you only slightly, his grin widening as he eyed you up and down for a quick moment. "How have you been? You didn't really sound like yourself the last time we talked," he asked, "how was it with your mother? How'd she take it? Are you going to be staying for a while?"

He was bombarding you with questions and you quickly tried to answer them all, "I've been great! But I've missed you, and she didn't want me to come and see you, but I didn't care, I had to," you said simply, and it only made his smile grow, if that was even possible. You continued, "I'm here to stay, with you," you made sure to add that last part, and you saw from the corner of your eye that the girl rolled her eyes in annoyance.

"You're just as beautiful as I remembered," he stated, his eyes lingering, the same way they did when you first departed.

"Same to you," you replied with a shy sway of your hips.

He didn't even bother saying goodbye to the girl who was seated next to him, you two were chatting away about all the things you both missed as he led you back to his trailer. The door shut behind you two with more of a bang than he'd intended it to, but he couldn't bring himself to care as he pressed you into the wall and kissed you hungrily, cutting right to the chase. You gasped softly upon the sudden motion, his lips were cool, so was the soft skin of your cheek against his nose, but your tongue was warm and eager against his own, and your arms reached around the back of his neck, fingers clutching his hair.

"Fuck, I missed you," he said in between frantic kisses, "you're not allowed to go out of town ever again," he chuckled.

You laughed, tightening your arms around him, "But you're allowed to?"

"Yes," he said with a grin, "but only if you come with me," he uttered breathlessly.

You hooked your ankle around his calf and tilted your head to give him better access to your neck when he moved his mouth there, covering the skin with wet kisses.

"Missed you so much, baby girl," he repeated around a light chuckle.

You breathed into his ear, "Gonna show me how much?" you asked, playing coy.

His lips curled into a devious smile. "I think I can figure out some way,"

To accentuate his point, his hands skimmed down to your rear and squeezed, drawing a gasp out of you, bringing you roughly against him. His member was hard beneath the layers of fabric, and you felt the air rush from your lungs again. You let him pull you into another kiss, his tongue sweeping inside to brush against yours. He pressed his body into yours fully as he overtook your mouth.

"Did you think about me when you were away?" he rasped against your lips, mouth trailing along your jawline to that spot just below your ear.

It took you a moment to reply because this was all a little sudden, it was like he unleashed all this pent-up frustration on you, and you were more than willing to let him and do the same. It felt so good being back here with him, especially like this. You couldn't believe the last time you saw him you nearly kissed, and now this was happening, but you found yourself not caring to process it because you just wanted to lose yourself in him.

"Uh-huh," you answered breathlessly.

"Liar," he said before he closed his teeth over the tender spot on the side of your neck, sucking hard and making you cry out. He always knew how to wind you up. Your thoughts were a blur, washed out with desire. You arched against him as he kept sucking and licking at that patch of skin.

"I thought about you every day," you admitted in a murmur.

You were panting, your breath coming so quick and shallow, but it felt so good with his body against you like this that you didn't care.

"That's my girl," he purred at you, and you whimpered in response. He slowly slid his hand down the length of your arm, then your side, in a teasingly light touch that had you squirming. Your blouse ended up on the floor, leaving you in nothing but your bra and leggings. Your skin flushed beneath his hungry gaze. The weight of it pressed into you just as real as anything.

The bra was next, its front clasp making it easy for him to get to your breasts. He mouthed at your breasts once they were bare and you shivered as you felt his tongue against the sensitive skin there. You brought your hands down to his head again and sank them into his hair. You were pleased at the quiet moan he made when you raked them through the slightly shaggy strands.

His mouth kept on its southward path, only pausing for a moment to kiss the spot above your navel. He tugged the black leggings off along with your panties, letting them pool around your ankles. The air was cool against your wet mound, a striking contrast to the warmth of his breath. You gazed down at him with a fond smile, stroking his hair. He caught your hand and pressed a kiss into your palm.

"I'm so glad you're back," he said, smiling with warmth and tenderness that only you had the privilege of seeing.

You swallowed the catch that suddenly appeared in your throat. A deeper blush crept up on your face, and you fought the urge to look away from him, feeling so exposed and vulnerable before him.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," he whispered reverently.

Before you had the chance to reply, he spread you open with one hand and began to lap at your wetness. You let your head drop back against the wall, a deep satisfied groan came out of him as he tasted you. The tip of his tongue drew patterns through the slickness, teasing at your clit. You arched into his mouth, crying out his name.

"Oh, fuck," you sighed, gripping onto his hair as tightly as you could.

Words couldn't describe how much you needed this, your dreams didn't hold the same weight as having him buried between your thighs. Your thighs trembled, legs threatening to give out beneath you.

Something shifted inside of you. A sudden possessive need that surged your mind and made you pull him back up to your mouth. You wanted to taste yourself on his lips and as you kissed him, your hands went to his belt and made quick work of his pants, tugging them down to get him just naked enough to do what you wanted. He looked confused for a moment, clearly wondering why you had actually stopped him from going down on you. Your leg wrapped around his waist, bringing your bodies flush together, and he let out a quiet "oh" of understanding.

His member slipped inside of you easily and you closed your eyes, a quiet sob escaping. You gripped at his broad shoulders, trying to balance yourself as he pounded into you, hips rapidly bumping into one another's.

"I thought about you every night," he confessed around a heavy pant, "I'm never letting you go again," he whispered hoarsely, and you moaned in response, uttering a helpless, "Mmmm!"

You turned your head to blindly seek out his mouth. It wasn't a kiss so much as your lips were pressed together as you both huffed with each thrust. His hands tightened on your hips, and a thrill went through you at the idea you might be wearing his marks the following day. Tension coiled hotly deep inside of you, spurred on by the delicious friction you both created.

"That's it, sweetheart," he purred, smirking wide in amusement as your loud moans had switched to desperate whining. You were so close.

He pressed you more firmly against the wall, his thrusts downshifting

to a meticulous grind that made the coarse hair at the base of his member rub against your achingly hard clit as he moved perfectly against your g-spot. You felt dizzy as the blood rushed from your head and desire pounded through your veins. His voice was so low and gravelly, coaxing you further and further towards the edge.

Perfect, you were both so perfect together, fit together like puzzle pieces. You bucked helplessly in his hold, sobbing as your orgasm broke over you like a tidal wave. He followed, not even giving you time to recover before he came hot and thick inside of you. You could only cling to him, shivering and panting along with him.

"Oh god, that was so worth the wait," you whispered against his skin. He drifted there for what felt like such a long time, his face pressed against your damp skin. He finally returned to the world at the feeling of your fingers combing through his hair. He pulled back so that he was looking at you, his smirk broadening upon hearing you say that.

"Course it was, doll, I never disappoint," he said smugly, and you giggled in response. He kept his body firmly against yours, and you both took long, deep breaths. Both staying silent for a while before he finally said, "That girl I was with, I don't want you to worry about her."

"Oh?" you raised an eyebrow at him, and you almost completely forgotten about her because of the heated sex you two just had, but now that he was mentioning her, you definitely needed to know more about the subject. "Who was she?"

"She was maybe," he trailed off for a moment before he finished, "somewhat of a girlfriend."

"That's what I thought," you turned away from his gaze but then he grabbed the sides of your face so that you were looking directly into his eyes, the gesture taking you aback.

"I was only with her for a short while in an attempt to get over you, but no bimbo could ever match up with you," he said simply, and a smile instantly formed its way on your face when he told you that. "I think that spoke for itself when I just grabbed you the second you came back and fucked you," he mentioned, a loud laugh following.

"Then I'm not worried," you pressed your forehead against his and planted a soft kiss upon the tip of his nose, and it was true, you weren't worried, even in the slightest now that you were back here with him.

"Good," he grinned and he was quick to add, "You're never leaving me again," he leaned in to whisper against your ear.

"Oh yeah?" he felt your laugh with his whole body, and you couldn't help but smile.

"Yeah, you're never leaving me again," he repeated, "you're stuck with me, I'd chain you down if I had to," he teased, and you laughed at that, thinking he was just joking, maybe he was, maybe he wasn't.

"You won't have to," you replied, "I'm here to stay, with you," you added, pulling him in for another bruising kiss, which he quickly returned.

"Perfect," he smirked, peppering your face with kisses before he pulled away to say, "now you know how I'm a good multi-tasker, right?" he asked, and you nodded your head quickly in answer. "What do you say we make up for lost time, and you tell me everything about your trip while I fuck you?"

You didn't see how you could possibly turn down that offer.

End
file.